FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

TALE OF A TROOPER.

The "Wet Raid" in Arkansas Under Carr.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A reconnoissance was ordered out by Gen. Steele from Little Rock, Ark., under Gen. E. A. Carr, in February, 1865. Our regiment, 1st Iowa Cav., (or the non-veteran portion of it, the veterans being in Missouri, under Pleasonton, heading off Price in his last attempted invasion of that State,) the 1st Mo., 10th and 13th Ill., 7th and 9th Kan., and 4th Ark. (Union) Cav. constituting the mounted portion of our command, probably 2,000 infantry, and Rabb's battery, made the trip.

Our destination, as we learned later, was Camden, where our disastrous campaign the previous Spring in co-operation with Banks's Red River fiasco had ended. We took 30 days' rations with us, and Gen. Carr had issued strict orders against foraging. It seems strange, but the experience of every old comrade will bear me out, once that order is promulgated the rations furnished straightway become stale, insipid, and not to be regarded as eatable by any well-regulated volunteer, but, like the Iowa prohibitory law, was to be broken or evaded at every opportunity, and much badly-needed sleep was lost in manufacturing opportunities.

In view of the fact that a good horse, ravenous appetite and registered vow to eat as large a hole into rebel supplies as possible had already gained for the writer the reputation of being the best provider for the inner man when on march in Co. E, it can readily be surmised how much respect I contemplated giving the aforesaid order. In fact, I took it simply as a banter to do my best in this particular line, and I acted accordingly.

GEN. E. A. CARR.

This expedition was known as the "wet raid," as it rained almost incessantly from the time we left camp at Little Rock till, after striking Camden, we returned to Pine Bluffs. At the site of our fearful fight with the combined forces of Kirby Smith and Price at Jenkins's Ferry, April 29, 1864, we found still many sad reminders of the terrible battle against overwhelming odds. The most distressing was the skeletons of seven of our men, who had evidently been severely wounded and crawled away for shelter from the fearful fire. Five were together under a low-branching holly tree, over which clambered a rattan and muscadine grapevine that turned it into a perfect bower. Here the poor wounded creatures had either died before our army effected its crossing or were too weak to attract attention, and were left to face the added horrors of death by starvation.

A little way from them we found two others in a large hollow in the trunk of an old sycamore, some sticks and pieces of bark indicating that one of them at least had contrived to add somewhat to the shelter of their dying retreat. Tenderly we gathered their bones together into a grave by the old sycamore, where the evening winds murmur their requiem through its gnarled, weather-beaten limbs.

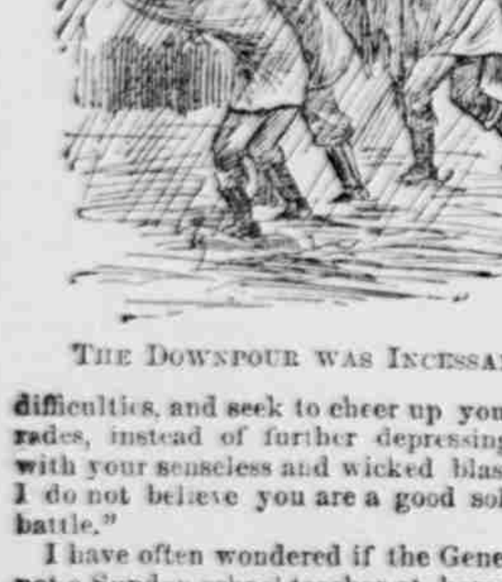
But I forget myself. After leaving the Saline River we plodded wearily along through an almost incessant downpour. Occasionally some comrade, with an ardor worthy a better cause, would endeavor to throw off his mental depression by squalling out, in a voice like an asthmatic bull-frog, "Johnny Stole a Ham," or a bar of that festive ballad, "Saw My Leg Off," which usually brought out an encore of "Oh, shut up," or "Look here, Bub, the sun 'll warp your teeth if you don't close that fly-trap," or other equally pleasant rejoinder.

The fact is, we were all wet to the skin, tired, hungry, and cross, and it is needless to add that much energetic swearing and epithets of a sulphurous nature emphasized the opinion of the State and weather that rankled in the hearts of a majority of that gallant but sadly-bedraggled section of our grand army.

George Hill, the tallest and one of the bravest of the writer's comrades, had inadvertently upset his can of hot coffee that morning, and, deprived of its generous stimulant, was more than usually aggressive in some of his remarks. As luck would have it, the General came along at the side of the road, seeking to reach the head of the column. No doubt he too was in an ill humor. Job himself would have lost his record for patience under such surroundings. I speak advisedly, for I was there, and have likewise been afflicted with boils. Yes, and Arkansas chiggers, and seed-ticks with a bill like a corkscrew, which always pulled their heads off, leaving them to fester under the tortured cuticle.

As Hill wound up one of his most drastic flights of rhetoric, the General broke in on him:

"Look here, soldier, I do not like to hear such language. It is not the sign of a good soldier who volunteered to come to the defense of his country in her hour of peril. You should be patient under unavoidable



THE DOWNPOUR WAS INCESSANT.

difficulties, and seek to cheer up your comrades, instead of further depressing them with your senseless and wicked blasphemy. I do not believe you are a good soldier in battle."

I have often wondered if the General was not a Sunday-school teacher at home. Certain it is, though, he was egregiously mistaken in Hill, for no braver man wore a cavalry jacket in our regiment than he. When the General paused for breath, Hill retorted:

"Well, General, as to my bravery, I'll just leave my comrades to vouch for me on that score; but if I live to get home and find some girl fool enough to marry me, and we should raise a family of children, when I sit down by my own fireside, call my children around me, and tell them about this raid we are on, General, if they don't cry, I'll just whale —— out of them."

Well, I'll do Gen. Carr the credit to say he kept his face in good control, and from his expression I have no doubt he fully intended to order the audacious recalcitrant under close arrest, but it was no use; the shrieks of laughter and yells of approval from all within hearing was too much. With a look that should have annihilated Hill had he not been philosophically looking

THE MAJOR ENJOYED HIS BREAKFAST.

at the low-hanging clouds, he put spurs to his horse and pushed on to the front amidst a perfect storm of yells, jeers, and, I grieve to say it, not a few hisses. The incident was worth more to the jaded troops than a supply of water-proof cloaks, keeping us all in good spirits the rest of the day.

A tempting crossroads gave the writer a hint of Southern ham, with probably other articles not issued by our Quartermaster, with a prospective hot supper at close of the day's march. I struck out and was not a little surprised that Corp'l H—— followed me. He had never been known before to take part in a foraging raid, and felt called upon then to excuse himself, saying that he was not well, and felt that he must find a change of diet.

I assured him that misery loved company and he was more than welcome, and we certainly had no cause to complain, as we soon came to a house that had hitherto wonderfully escaped attention, as the smokehouse was full of such hams as are only found in Arkansas. We also found a quantity of fine flour and honey. We loaded quickly, and started back highly elated with our success. Attempting to pass the Colonel at head of regiment, we were halted and asked if we had been foraging. Our general appearance would have belied any but an affirmative reply, and we were told to fall in in rear and we would be taken to Headquarters at close of the day's march.

I wonder how many of my old comrades ever found themselves in such a predicament? It was distressing; in fact, a culmination of disaster. And yet I derived the first grain of comfort from the distressed wail of Corp'l H——.

"Oh, Jack," said he, "this is a judgment on me for going on a forage raid."

I retorted that it was certainly a calamity unless we got out of it.

"How can we get out? There is no chance, and I shall be reduced to the ranks."

I confess I was sorry for Ike, for he was a good boy. Loosening one of my half-dozen hams, I remarked to the men in the midst of whom we had fallen in: "Pards, it would be a shame for the officers to get all this good meat, and they shall not." As I talked I rapidly cut the ham up in pieces I knew could be hidden in their haversacks and passed them round as far as I could reach, telling Ike to do the same. Someone well back called out to pass the bone back to him.

Then I whispered to Ike: "When I turn out you follow me until halted." And hardly was the word passed when an inviting cowpath seemed to fairly beckon us. I struck out, closely followed by Ike, and, as I had expected, the comrades were so busy putting away their rations that they never saw us. Yet for 15 or 20 minutes we dashed through wet brush in a reckless manner, until quite sure we had flanked the rear-guard, which, if my memory serves me right, was the 1st Mo. Cav. If this catches the eye of any who got a cut of ham I will be pleased to hear from them.

We made our company without farther adventure, well supplied for a few days. That night the power of the rain seemed to culminate in a perfect deluge, but Serg't Wildasin, who was my bunkmate, and I were fortunate that awful night, as we had selected a knoll where an old pine had fallen, crushing an ash in its fall. We gathered the top and splinters together and made a rousing fire, built our bed high with young pines, put up our gum blankets on a lean-to frame, and were for that night most comfortable after a supper of ham, coffee, pancakes and honey.

Some time in the night I was aroused by someone stirring the fire, and saw Maj. Tom Bereman standing out in the rain warming one side into steam, while the other was running water. I asked him what on earth he was doing out there. It would be hardly fair to report the emphatic language used, but I gathered that his negro hostler had put up his tent carelessly, and it had come down on him. I told him to come in out of the wet, an invitation as promptly accepted as given.

Knowing that this mess-chest must be in a deplorable condition, when I had prepared the best breakfast possible, from results of the previous day's adventure, I called the Major. Certainly I can now understand housewifely pride from the satisfaction I experienced as I noted the Major's expression of blank surprise, followed quickly by one of keenest satisfaction. In response to my invitation he seated himself and proceeded to test the quality of the bounteous spread. Later, while breaking camp, I overheard him boasting to Col. Thompson of the pleasant ending of the miserable night. He said: "I awoke to hear the sentry shriek, not 'To arms,' but 'To breakfast,' and, Colonel, such a breakfast—positively the best one I ever enjoyed."

"Well, Major," said Col. T., "you will forgive my curiosity, but what was the bill of fare in this wonderful breakfast after the deluge?"

The reply was brief but enthusiastic.

"What? Ham, coffee, pancakes and honey!" exclaimed the astounded listeners. "Where on earth could soldiers get such provender under the circumstances?"

Maj. Bereman replied: "I'm sure I have no idea, and I felt all the force of St. Paul's command to 'eat what is placed before you, asking no questions.' I was too well pleased with results to be inquisitive."

Another weary day's march brought us to Pine Bluffs, where, after resting two days, we received orders to ship to Memphis. Here within 60 days we had the pleasure of escorting Gen. Forrest into the city as a prisoner.

I selected this raid as the subject of my sketch for two reasons: "First, there was no great battle or stronghold captured, hence no danger of an after discussion as to who planted the first flag or other matter of vital import; and, finally, because the writer, while maintaining a reasonable reputation for honesty for 31 years since the conflict, never having been convicted of stealing a hot stove or similar article of tempting nature, still contends that a soldier while an invader of hostile territory violates no moral obligation if he confines his foraging strictly to provisions for himself, horse and comrades.—J. R. MARTIN, 1st Iowa Cav., New Hartford, Iowa.

LIVELY TIMES.

Plenty to Do in Old Virginia in the Spring of 1864.

(Continued from last week.)

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: There was an immense amount of supplies at the station for Lee's army, consisting mainly of cornmeal and bacon. Provisions were cheap that night in "ole Virginny." The darkies in the vicinity came in for a share. I met an old negro rolling away a barrel of meal. I asked him where he "swiped" it?

"Sah?"

"I think you stole that barrel," I said.

"No, sah," said he; "de General done give it to me."

"Well, you had better watch out, uncle," interposed a comrade, "that Bob Lee don't catch you with it."

"I'se too sharp for dat, sah. I hide 'im in de woods."

Later I saw him and others carrying off loads of bacon, and doubtless they feasted royally that night on hoe-cake and bacon-fat.

The pile of bacon and meal, big as a barn, was set on fire. The railroad was torn up, ties piled, with the rails across them, and set on fire, and when the rails were heated they were bent around telegraph-poles.

The train that was to take us to Richmond was burned and the engine demolished. When we started out the next morning Lee's rations were still burning. It seemed a pity to me to see so much food destroyed when there were so many hungry ones in the world.

This day, May 10, we went through a part of Virginia where, I believe, our army had never been before. We saw no whites, excepting old men, women, and children. They were intensely "Secesh," and the chaffing between them and our boys was amusing. In all arguments on the progress of the war they would, as a clincher, ask: "When are you-all going to take Charleston?"

Many of the slaves took an opportunity to strike for freedom. Big and little, old and young darkies, male and female, on foot, on horse or muleback, or in wagons, joined the procession. I noticed one family, a man and wife and one or two children. They had two mules and a wagon-load of stuff. I saw a fine feather-bed and bedding, some dishes, and a big, stuffed rocking-chair. I asked the man where he got the "swag."

"I dunno what you mean, sah," said he.

"Where did you get so many fine fixings? I did not know that you darkies were allowed to have such things."

"Deed, sah," said he, "when you all kim along we jes took dese things from de big house and kim along with you-all."

"But, did you not know it is wrong to steal?" I asked.

"Deed, sah," broke in the woman, "we done worked for ole massa all our lives, an' he wont 'low us to raise a pig nor chicken for ourselves; so we tinks we have a right to dese tings."

I asked them if they knew where they were going.

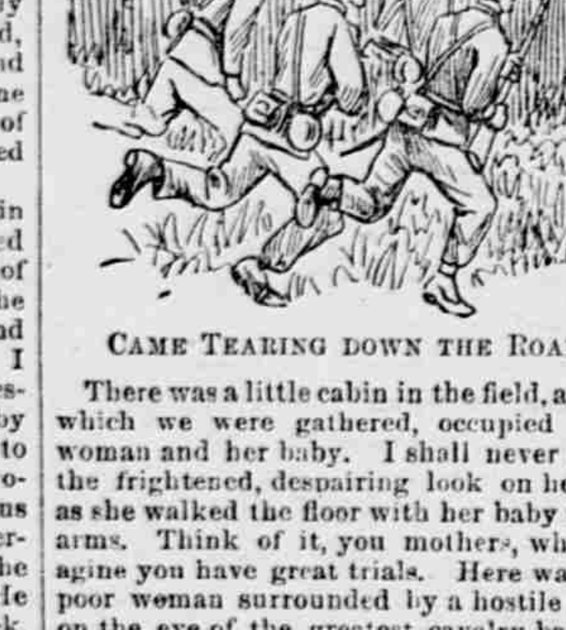
"Up Norf, sah, to see Marsa Linkum, and be slaves no mo'."

I remember this day as we were marching along that some straggling infantry and dismounted cavalry came tearing down the road yelling "Bushwhackers! bushwhackers!" creating a panic among the non-combatants. An officer drew his sword and planted himself in the middle of the road, and swore he would kill the first one that passed him. This action of his quelled the panic instanter.

I have often thought since then that we little know what power one man possesses when he takes a determined stand for the right. We camped the night of the 10th on a big plantation with a typical old Virginia manor-house. The owner, an old man, had his slaves corraled down by the smokehouse, and was vainly endeavoring to keep them together; but in spite of his efforts some of them went with us the next morning.

I saw Gen. Sheridan at this place playing with some small children on the front porch, which act was somewhat antagonistic in those days to my idea what a great General really was.

Early on the morning of the 11th we were on the move toward Richmond. Some time during the day our cavalry encountered the rebs and drove them steadily back until we all came to a standstill in a field surrounded by woods. There was sharp firing in front and on both flanks. A rebel battery was throwing shells into the field among us. The negroes were badly frightened. Some wounded cavalrymen brought in the report that Beauregard had come up with his whole army from Richmond and, in conjunction with Stuart's cavalry, had completely surrounded us. The firing from all quarters seemed to confirm the rumor. As in such cases, the most improbable stories were believed, and our situation looked desperate, indeed.



CAME TEARING DOWN THE ROAD.

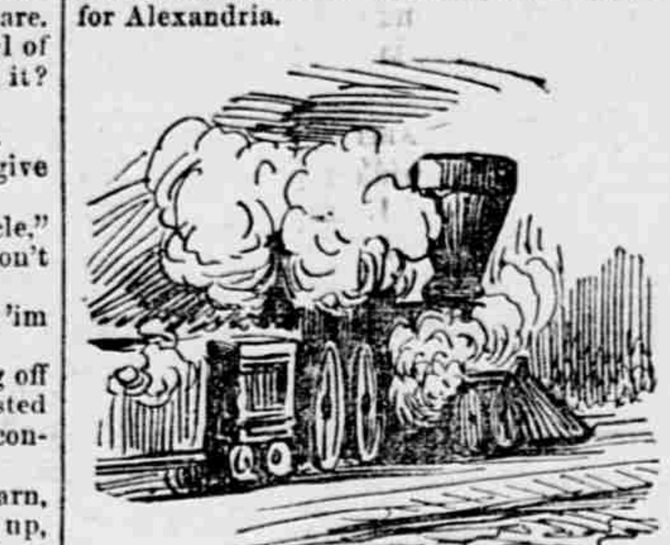
There was a little cabin in the field, around which we were gathered, occupied by a woman and her baby. I shall never forget the frightened, despairing look on her face as she walked the floor with her baby in her arms. Think of it, you mothers, who imagine you have great trials. Here was this poor woman surrounded by a hostile army on the eve of the greatest cavalry battle of the war. Already the shells were bursting around her little home and might at any moment hurl her and her babe into eternity. Perhaps her husband lay dead over in the woods yonder. People of the North read of, but those of the border know the horrors and suffering caused by war.

Sheridan and staff were on a little hill near the center of the field. I went up to see if Sheridan appeared disturbed at the situation. As I neared them I heard him laugh, as did also several of his staff. What the cause of the merriment was I know not, but I suspect it was over the foolishness of the Johnnies in attempting to stop him. I came back and told the non-combatants we were all right, for Gen. Sheridan did not appear to be alarmed.

Toward night our cavalry moved forward to the front, and in a short time we could plainly hear the hoarse cheer of Yanks and the shrill yell of rebs, mingled with the rattle of carbine and pistol. The rebel battery ceased firing, and we knew that the charge had been successful.

In a short time a squad of cavalry filed into the field, escorting a line of prisoners, and reported the death of "Jeb" Stuart. We then moved forward and found the way clear. The next day (12th) the cavalry had another fight with the Johnnies, and sent them flying in all directions, which seemed to satisfy them, for they did not molest us after that. We passed in sight of the defenses of Richmond, and took the route followed by McClellan two years before to the James. The trail was still fresh in earthworks, and mounds where some mother's darling sleeps the last sleep and whose grave is decorated each year only by God's own hand with the beautiful wild flowers of Spring.

In due time we reached the James River. Our gunboats, ever on the alert, mistaking us for the enemy, threw what our boys called camp-kettles at us. But a signal from Malvern Hill stopped their hostile demonstration. We bade adieu to the cavalry at the James and went on board of a steamer bound for Alexandria.



BURNING THE TRAIN.

Our voyage was a pleasant one. I remember when off Fortress Monroe we spoke a vessel bound to some Southern port. The Captain wanted the latest news from the seat of war. One of our officers told him that Grant had fought Lee three days in the Wilderness, and contrary to the usual custom was advancing toward Richmond, fighting all the time. He also gave a brief account of the defeat and death of "Jeb" Stuart.

"Glory, hallelujah!" shouted the old skipper. "Ring the bell, there; ring the bell." Long after we left him we could hear the mellow tones of the bell floating over the water.

We reached Alexandria the next day, went to Camp Parole, and after being equipped were sent to the front, where we found the enemy on the North Anna River; having been absent 18 days.—S. A. CHAMBERLAIN, Co. A, 16th Me., Commander Post 109, Department of Maine, G.A.R., Mayfield, Me.

CHANGING BASE.

Experiences of the Pickets at Cold Harbor.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your "Picket Shots" of March 19 you say the pickets left on the line at Cold Harbor when Grant "changed his base" should have medals of honor. No doubt the old boys of that detail who may chance to read your lines will be gratified to find that some one thinks they are entitled to special honor.

Your humble servant occupied a hole in the sand close up to the line of pits filled by Johnnies. I recollect that the few bands with the army at that time were doing their best to make noise to drown the sound of the iron axles of wagons and artillery carriages. We on picket could hear the same sounds in front of us. The rebs were on the move as well. But the sounds in front and rear grew fainter toward midnight, and soon ceased entirely.

After a few hours, which we thought contained minutes sufficient for a whole night, we were ordered to drop directly to the rear and to assemble at a well-known landmark. To secure safety, we promptly executed the first part of the order, but in consequence of darkness, removal of trains, and all appearance of encampments or quarters, landmarks which we had thought to be prominent were hard to find.

When we all were together the spell of silence was broken, and the embryo Major-General who as yet was without even a Corporal's chevrons had his say. The reader, if he was a soldier at the front, knows that on that, as on any other picket detail, we had a large percentage of fellows that could tell you the exact why of any military question. We did not agree as to why we were on this particular detail. Some said that as we were left behind to be killed or captured, the Orderly-Sergeants of the companies represented had selected the poorest soldiers—those that could be most readily spared. Others contended none but the best would have been entrusted with so critical a matter; that we were given this job on account of the purity of our metal and of the confidence reposed in us. Grant or Meade did not tell us what they thought of it.

The officers in immediate command instructed us to keep well together; that the straggler had a fine chance of dying. Imagine the tramp. A dark, sultry, breezeless night; the army in its movement had moved over and pulverized the dry earth of roads and fields until the dust seemed to be a quivering mass, smothering and blinding us. Everybody was a grayback, no matter which army he "fit into." The scanty supply of water found on the route had been left in a sickening condition by the tramping of horses, cattle and thoughtless or selfish men. But I don't think a detail made from so many different regiments could be found to excel that one in cameradarie and determination to stick together and put up a good fight.

The subscriber was somewhat handicapped by a sore ankle, having had it punctured by a rebel bullet on the 3d of June, when taking part in that brave but useless assault by our army. I had been excused from duty as a consequence of the wound until the eve of the move of the army. We pickets did not volunteer, neither did we grumble. As for myself, I did not then, nor do I now, think I was imposed upon unfairly, and although I would be proud to wear a medal to show that I performed some duty particularly meritorious, yet I think we should look at the matter in this light: To give to us or to any other detail of men medals that did extrahazardous service because of being detailed in the ordinary routine of duty, would soon cause the appearance of "medals of honor" to become so familiar that the wearing would cease to be a distinction, and would lessen the value of those already presented for heroic service. If of the 2,000,000 men of the Federal army of the civil war only one in a thousand did an act heroic and receive a medal for such act, 2,000 would be wearing medals now. And many of these were unconscious of doing more than duty required.

All honor to the boys that have had medals given them! Do not make the honor less by making the number of medals greater.—"JACK OF CLUBS."

It costs about $4,750 per shot to fire one of Krupp's 130-ton steel guns. The gun cost $195,000, and it can only be fired, at the most, 60 times. The gun has a range of 15 miles, and the projectiles weigh 2,600 pounds.

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

A Worthy Scout.

J. P. Owen, Lieutenant, 4th Mo., Gaither, Ark., recently saw a sketch of W. L. Riggs, the youngest Union scout. He says he was well acquainted with Riggs, and knows that he was considered the most reliable man that Brig.-Gen. Sanborn had under his command. He was only about 15 years old when first employed, yet he never hesitated to go into any place ordered, no matter what the danger, and his reports always proved true.

"Some two months ago," continues Owen, "I was talking to some friends on the public square in Harrison, Ark., when a man, turned gray and looking as if he had passed the age of 50, stepped up to me, and, noticing my G.A.R. button, asked me where I did my service. On telling him, I noticed his eye brighten, and he looked me over carefully. Then he called me by name and asked me if I remembered Scott Riggs. Of course I did, but was surprised to find him so changed. He now lives at Springdale, Ark., and would like to hear from any old soldiers who remember him.

"I learned from him that Col. Tracy, Congressman from Missouri, is taking steps to have Scott paid for some service that he failed to get pay for, and to get him on the pension list. Every one who knew the fearless, manly boy in 1864 and '65 will be glad to know if he is successful."

Dead Steed Safest.

L. B. Gamble, Carley, Ark., writes: "When the steamer Sultana exploded her boilers above Memphis in 1865 with such horrible results, Sam W. Pickens, 3d Tenn. Cav., told me that after the boat exploded he found himself in the river with a live horse, and he mounted it and tried to swim it to shore, but the horse was confused with the light of the burning boat and was about to drown himself and Pickens too, when there came the body of a dead horse, much swollen from decomposition. But he swapped the live horse for the dead one and rode the dead horse with the current until he was in front of Memphis. There he was rescued, and if he is living yet is in Knox County, Tenn."

Home for a Good Man.

Theo. Hollenbach, Co. E, 8th N. Y., Westbrookville, N. Y., says: "Out here on a farm and woodland of about 700 acres the help of a veteran in need of a steady home is desired. What is required is help in cutting and hauling wood, in farming, and do some of it for himself.

"Should he be married, his helpmate might join my wife a trifle in keeping house for me and herself; all the rest of the time will be her own.

"There is a small frame house of four rooms for them both, or the comrade, about 15 acres of land for his own use, and all the firewood required.

"An honest, square comrade I am looking for, who will look out for my plain home and farmland when I happen to be off, and who in return is sure of a steady, good home and living, probably, for the rest of his life."

Information Wanted.

Will some comrade dispose of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE (monthly edition) from June to December, 1878? Address, stating price per copy, M. A. Weigle, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

J. J. Stuckey, Secretary Iowa Union Ex-Prisoners of War Association, Des Moines, Iowa: "I have a limited number of elegant badges of the Iowa Union Ex-Prisoners of War Association, printed on number 16 white satin ribbon, in colors, and beautiful design, which I will be glad to exchange for G.A.R., Relief Corps, Ladies G.A.R., L.A.S., Sons of Veterans, or campaign badges, for a souvenir collection which I am making for our association. Send badge, with self-addressed envelope, to the above address."

Knows Just Who Were There.

Henry Milburn, Captain, Co. H, 48th Ind., Eby, Cal., writes: "In your issue of March 5 I notice an article entitled, 'Call Them Down.' Now, L. W. Bloom, 5th Ind. battery, Edna, Kan., has bitten off a bigger chunk than he can masticate. Comrade Shigley, Co. C, 48th Ind., is correct. He does not claim that the 5th Iowa L. A. was there, but the 5th Iowa. The First Brigade, Hamilton's Division, consisted of the following regiments: 26th Mo., 5th Iowa, 59th Ind., 48th Ind., 4th Minn.

"The Colonel of the 4th Minn., Sanburn, commanded the brigade, Gen. Burford being sick. The 11th Ohio L. A. belonged to the brigade; Sands was Captain, but, being sick, Lieut. Sears was in command of the battery. The above battery lost more men killed and wounded in this engagement than was lost by any other battery in any one engagement. I refer to Iuka, Miss., Sept. 19, 1862. There was no 5th Ohio battery there.

The Two Ladies.

Charles H. Myerhoff, 14th Ind., Evansville, Ind., writes: "I read Samuel H. Bolton's article in your issue of Dec. 26 ult., and desiring to assist in settling the dispute, I called on Capt. B. H. James, a prominent manufacturer and much respected gentleman of our city, who was First Lieutenant, and had command of the right section of Capt. Gracey's Battery at Gen. Bragg's Headquarters.

"He says that his guns were named 'Lady Breckinridge' and 'Lady Buckner'; that Serg't C. H. Leffler was in charge of the former. These noted guns were not at any time on Lookout Mountain, but were in the valley a few days, when they returned to Gen. Bragg's Headquarters.

"They left very suddenly, and when they found their limbers in the rear were captured by Gen. Baird's command. Gen. Wood's command was approaching rapidly in front. At that time Gen. Bragg was on the right, having weakened his line in the center by sending assistance to Gen. Hardee to resist Gen. Sherman's swarming tactics."

Scattering.

A. G. Ruger, Milesburg, Pa., wants someone to mail him the poem on the charge of the 8th Pa. Cav. at Chancellorsville.

J. A. Thuma, Co. C, 64th Ohio, Leverings, O., wants to know where there is a good location for a blacksmith and wood-worker.

William Satterlee, Ball's Pond, New Fairfield, Conn., wants the song beginning, "Come all ye jolly sailors."

W. H. Gillespie, Waco, Tex., writes that in December, 1895, Davy Crockett Post, 70, Department of Texas, was presented with a small silk flag, and with it a letter from the finder, as follows: "This flag was found by the undersigned on the morning of Dec. 31, 1862, on the field of Murphreesboro, Tenn., in front of the position held by Withers's Division and Robertson's battery. Having had the flag in my possession since the date above mentioned, I now, with all my heart, present it to Davy Crockett Post, G.A.R., for whatever use they make think proper."

Home Seekers' Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of four home seekers' excursions to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of $2, more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address J. G. Everest, General Traveling Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

THEIR RECORDS.

Brief Sketches of Batteries of the Maine Battalion.

[THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has in hand several hundred requests for regimental histories. All such requests will be acceded to in due time, although those now received cannot be published for at least a year, owing to lack of space. Numerous sketches have already been published, and of these none can be found room for a second time, until all have been printed.]

The 7th Maine Battery.

Capt. Adelbert B. Twitchell was commissioned on the organization of this battery, and commanded it until it was mustered out. He was brevetted Major April 2, 1865. The War Department gives the command credit for being engaged in the battles of Spottsylvania, Wilderness, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Ream's Station and Poplar Springs Church. It served in Willcox's Division, Ninth Corps, and lost three men killed and 15 men died from disease, accidents, etc.

The 116th Ohio.

The regiment was organized at Gallipolis and Marietta, O., in September and October, 1862, to serve three years. Col. James Washburn was commissioned on the organization of the regiment, and remained in command until it was mustered out of service, June 14, 1865. Lieut.-Col. T. F. Wildes was promoted Colonel of the 186th Ohio, Feb. 28, 1865. At Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1864, while in Hunter's Division, the command lost 20 men killed and 156 wounded. It also served in Thoburn's Division, Eighth Corps. Its total loss was four officers and 90 men killed and three officers and 88 men died of disease, accidents, etc.

The 6th Mass. Battery.

This battery was organized at Lowell, Mass., Feb. 3, 1862, to serve three years. On the expiration of its term it veteranized, and was retained in service until Aug. 7, 1865. Capt. Charles Everett resigned, Sept. 7, 1862; Capt. William W. Carruth was discharged, Oct. 2, 1863; Capt. John F. Phelps was dismissed, Dec. 29, 1864, and when mustered out the battery was commanded by Capt. Edward K. Russell. The War Department gives the battery the credit of being engaged at Baton Rouge, Georgia Landing, Cotten, Bisland, and Port Hudson. In honor of its first Captain the organization was designated "Everett's Battery." It served in Augur's Division, Nineteenth Corps, and lost six men killed and one officer and 50 men died of disease, in prison, etc.

The 7th Mass. Battery.

This battery was organized at Boston, Mass., May 21, 1861, to serve three years. The original members, except veterans, were mustered out of service May, 20, 1864, and the organization, composed of veterans and recruits, retained. Capt. Phineas A. Davis was promoted to Assistant Adjutant-General, Oct. 5, 1863. When mustered out the battery was commanded by Capt. Newman W. Storer. In honor of Capt. Davis, the battery was designated "Davis's Battery." It served in Grover's Division, Nineteenth Corps. Its loss was three men killed and one officer and 36 men died.

The 8th Mass. Battery.

This battery was a six months organization, recruited by Capt. Asa M. Cook, in May and June, 1862. It was mustered out the latter part of November, 1862. The battery served in Wilcox's Division, Ninth Corps, and lost one man killed in action and 10 by disease, accidents, etc. The organization was also known as "Cook's Battery."

The 9th Mass. Battery.

The battery was organized at Lynnfield, Mass., Aug. 10, 1862, to serve three years, and was mustered out June 6, 1865. Capt. Achille De Vecchi resigned Jan. 27, 1863; Capt. John Bigelow, Brevet Major, was discharged Dec. 14, 1864, and when mustered out Capt. Richard S. Milton commanded the battery. Nine battles are credited the battery by the War Department, as follows: Gettysburg, Mine Run, Spottsylvania, Tolopotomoy, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, and Hatcher's Run. The 9th Mass. battery was one of the leading batteries in point of loss in battle, and, according to Col. Fox, two officers and 13 men were killed in action. At Gettysburg, while in the reserve artillery, it lost 11 killed out of 104 officers and men taken into action, or over 10 per cent. Besides the 11 killed, 17 were wounded or missing. In honor of Capt. Bigelow the command was designated "Bigelow's Battery." It served in the Artillery Brigade, Fifth Corps, with a total loss of two officers and 13 men killed in action, and four men by disease, accidents, etc.

The 10th Mass. Battery.

The battery was organized at Boxford, Mass., Sept. 9, 1862, for the three years' service, and was mustered out June 9, 1865. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper commanded the battery until Feb. 27, 1865, when he was discharged. He received the brevet of Major, Dec. 2, 1862. During the latter part of service, Capt. J. Webb Adams was in command. The battery was generally known as Sleeper's Battery, and served in the Artillery Brigade, Second Corps, with a loss of two officers and six men killed in action, and 16 from disease, accidents, etc. The War Department gives the following list of battles in which the command was engaged: Kelly's Ford, Mine Run, Po River, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomoy, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Ream's Station, Boydton Road.

The 11th Mass. Battery.

This battery was organized at Boston, Mass., Jan. 2, 1864, to serve three years, and was commanded by Capt. Edward J. Jones. It was mustered out June 16, 1865. Capt. Jones was brevetted Major, March 25, 1865. According to the reports of the War Department, the battery was engaged at Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Weldon Railroad. It served in Potter's Division, Ninth Corps, and lost three men killed and 12 died. It was generally known as "Jones's Battery."

Easter Sunday.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Some time since I noticed in your paper an explanation in regard to Easter Sunday, in which you stated that the first Sunday after the full moon happening on the 21st of March or thereafter was always Easter Sunday. In this year 1896 the moon fulls on Saturday, March 28. The 29th is Sunday, and yet is not Easter Sunday. Will you please explain this, and oblige one of the old boys? Fraternally—J. A. HUNTER, Leap, Ore.

[The method of determining Easter Day is much too complicated to be explained in a newspaper article. Substantially, it is the Sunday following the first full moon on or after March 21. But it must be kept in mind that the full moon is not one which we see, or even the astronomical full moon, but an entirely ecclesiastical and imaginary full moon, which follows the true full moon two and sometimes three days. One object of this arrangement was to keep Easter from falling on the same day as the Jewish Passover. This was not entirely accomplished, as they fell on the same day in 1805 and in 1825, and will again in 1903, in 1923, in 1927, and in 1981. Easter is never before the 22d of March nor after the 25th of April. In 1761 and 1818 Easter fell on the 22d of March, but will not do so again during the next century. It fell on the 23d of March in 1845 and in 1856, but will not do so again until 1913. It fell on the 25th of April in 1886, but will not do so again until 1943. As we have said before, the rule is much too complicated for easy explanation. It is the result of a violent agitation which convulsed the Christian world in A. D. 182, and was finally settled by the Council of Nice in 325. —EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

WANTED—ADDRESSES.

WANTED—The address of two or three members of Co. G, 178th Ohio, who were acquainted with William Rathburn, a member of that company. Address W. F. Rathburn, Lakeview, Mich.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE LIBRARY.

A Weekly Series of Historical Text-Books.

A WEEKLY SERIES OF HISTORICAL TEXT-BOOKS.

No. 1. STATISTICS OF THE WAR.—Containing the number of troops furnished by each State, losses on both sides and complete statistical data relating to the Rebellion.

No. 2. LINCOLN'S WORDS.—The Gettysburg Address, Second Inaugural, and copious extracts from speeches and letters.

No. 3. MISCELLANEOUS MEMORANDA.—Dates of the great events relating to the opening and close of the War of the Rebellion; Physiological Statistics of the Army; List of General officers killed on both sides.

No. 4. PENSION STATISTICS.—Number on the roll of each class; expenditures, etc.

No. 5. HISTORY OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES. By John McElroy. Its Introduction; Early Efforts at Emancipation; its stimulus the Cotton Gin; Struggle in Congress about extension into the Territories; Emancipation. Illustrated by Portraits.

No. 6. PRESIDENT MONROE AND HIS DOCTRINE.—By Byron Andrews. Biography of Monroe, History and Text of Doctrine, Olney's Letter and Cleveland's Message, Portrait, Map, etc.

No. 7-8 (Double Number). COMMANDERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—By John McElroy. Contains splendid full page halftone etchings of the best-known portraits of the 17 Commanders from the adoption of the Constitution to the present time; a sketch of each; strength of the Army at various dates.

No. 9. THE STORY OF CUBA.—By Byron Andrews. History of the Island from the Discovery by Columbus to the Administration of Weyler. Map and 16 illustrations, including portraits of Gomez, Maceo, Campos, Weyler, and other leaders on both sides.

OTHER NUMBERS OF GREAT INTEREST WILL FOLLOW.

Terms $2 a year. Five cents a copy, except double number 7-8, 10 cents. Six of the numbers for 25 cents, counting 7-8 as two numbers. Sent postpaid.

Address, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, 1729 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.